





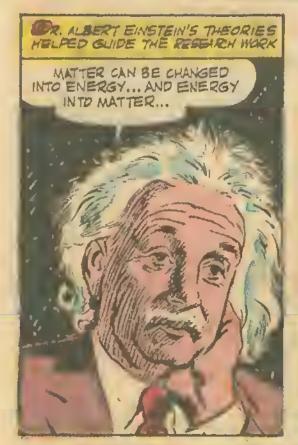
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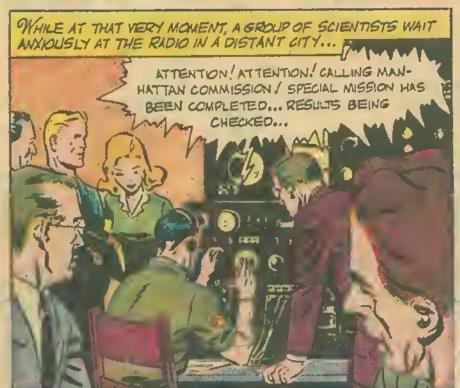




FOR YEARS, THOU-SANDS OF SCIENTISTS HORKED QUIETLY AND WITHOUT LET-UP TO SOLVE THE MIGHTY SECRET OF THE ATOM!











THIS IS THE AMAZING
STORY THAT YOU'VE READ IN
THE PAPERS--AND HEARD OVER
THE RADIO! BUT IT IS NOT THE
FULL STORY! THERE IS NORE...

THE STORY ABOUT ATOMIC
POWER THAT HAS NOT YET
BEEN TOLD TO THE WORLD!

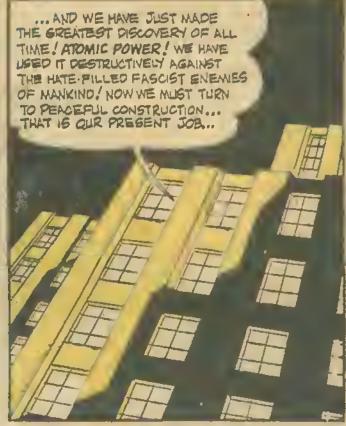


























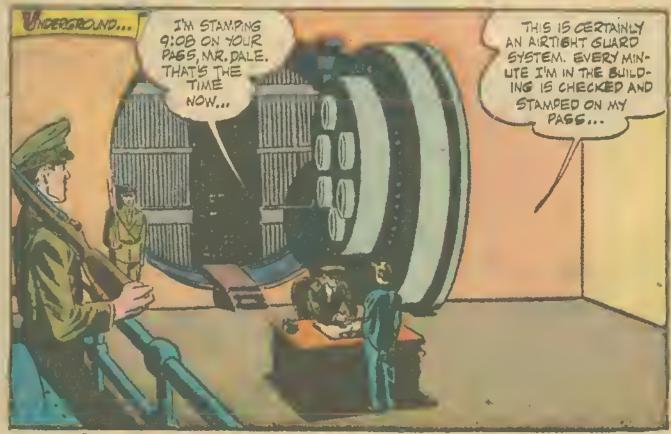












Sile day
Passes quocked as
BARRY DALLE
BELOMES ABSORSED
IN A STUDY OF THE
SECRET ATOMIC
PORMULA...
THEN...



























































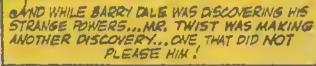












AMAZING... DU SCIENTISTS! I CAN'T BRIBE YOU WITH MONEY... SOCIAL POSITION... POWER! BUT YOU ARE PROUD OF YOUR PRETTY FACE, MISS JAMES --- AND THIS BEAKER OF ACID WILL SPOIL IT FOREVER UNLESS YOU AGREE TO WORK FOR ME!





































THEN TRY THIS Proven Easy System on Your Hair

NELPS PREVENT BRITTLE ENDS FROM BREAKING OFF!

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off balr more lovely ... longer. The Juciene \$YSTEM has belped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more besutiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, bair may got longerthe scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal - if the bresking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why Juelene is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal heauty. This wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve bair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. If your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to *often barsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! You may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely heauty.



JUEL CO., 1930 hving Park Road, Dept 608 Chicago 13, III.

bair, we willrefund every cent of your money. What could be fairer? This proves to you how excellent we think

the results will he! So don't wait. Mail. the coupon right now. And like thou-

aanda of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair.



Marvelous Help for DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Why be ashamed of unlovely hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful, sparkling with new healthy looks, lovely luster. A women's hair is one of the first things noticed by men - sleek, shining, glamorously long hair is always alluring. And men, too, attract admiring attention when their hair lies smooth, thick and next. Try Juciona. See how much more heautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your "crowning glory"! This 7-Day Trial Offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may have sparkling... longer hair! Be convinced!—Send for your Juelene NOW.

Make This Guaranteed 7-Day Test SEND NO MONEY!

If you do want longer hair, mail the 7-Day Coupon. Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman \$1.00 plus postage. Then test Juelene and notice the remarkable difference in the appearance of your hair—lustrous and well dressed. With our positive Guarantee you can't lose ... have everything in your favor to gain. So SEND the COUPON NOW!



MAIL 7-DAY TRIAL COUPON NOW

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. A-601 1930 (ryling Park Road, Chicago 13, III.

Yes, I want casy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUHDHUE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror down't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my manay back.

I am enclosing \$1.00 Send C.O.D. plus postage

HAME_____

ABBRESS_____ CITY....ZONE...STATE

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Yes, you get all of the above plus many other exciting subjects, including Circus Characters, Indians, Basebell, Football. Airplanes, the Navy and Marines—adding up to a grand total of 115 of the zippiest fast action transfers you've ever seen - all for the amazing low price of only 50c.

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Tricks You Can Lagra at Home	Where Triera
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Equipment Meeded to Perform	MICHS AND HUISIONS
Dozens' of Amazing Feats of	ANGEL SHOW CONTINE
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			indicated below.
Include a myst	ifying "Wizard"	Book of Magi	c" with Magiciana
Equipment at a	O CARLE COST MI	th sach act of	transfers ordered.
	1 50c per set. I	am enclosing #	

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Name	•		
Press Pilis Co.	rle		
Address			
City		Zone	_Staty

THE GREAT GIMMICK. EXPERT

WHY DON'T YOU QUIT STALLING AND GET TO WORK!

WORK! (PUFF!) WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M DOING WITH THIS TRUCK DANCING?

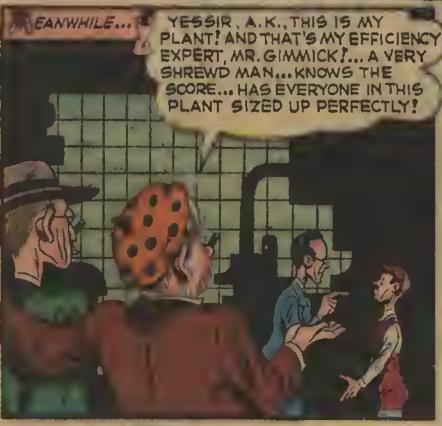


LOOK, MR. GHMMICK, HM, GREAT!
I HAVE A SUGGES BUT WHY TION! WHY NOT PUT ! WHEELS ON THIS TRUCK SO WE CAN MOVE IT EASILY AND SAVE TIME 2

SHOULD THIS GUY GET THE CREDIT FOR IT WHEN I CAN SWIPE ... FIRST. AGE ...









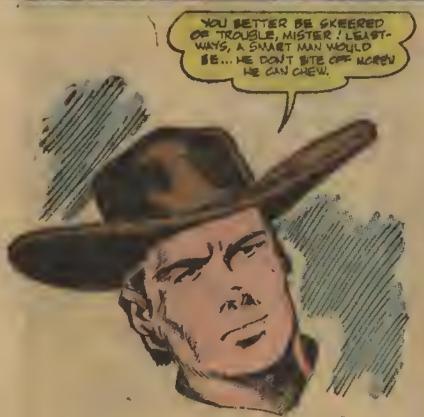


























































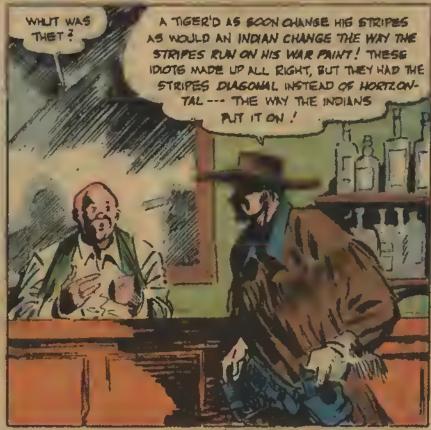






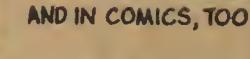








IT'S THE BIG THREE!



ON SALE AT YOUR

IT'S THE BIG THREE!

The Last Assignment

By Lawrence Vert

SHE was afraid. She held tightly to his arm. And she kept saying to herself..., "One last assignment! One last assignment! Then he'll be home to stay! We'll be married and...maybe he won't come back!"

Suddenly she stopped and looked up into his face. .

"When will you be coming back?"

"I don't know," he answered. "A soldier just carries out orders."

"But you didn't have any orders! You volunteered!"

"Yes, I volunteered," he

answered slowly.

They walked on again through the park. It was the last hour of his furlough. Then he was due to report for the special joh for which he had volunteered.

"Yon've got enough points to be discharged," she said

quietly.

"Yes, over a hundred..."
"Why did you volunteer for this special something you won't tell me about?"

THIS time he stopped. Looking around, he saw an empty hench. He took her by the arm and led her to it.

"Let's sit down here for a few minutes." He waited while a woman with a baby carriage passed by. He stared after the woman until she turned off into a shady spot. Then he looked at the girl beside him.

"I've wanted that," he said, nodding his head toward the

baby carriage. "Kids and shome...God how I used to dream about it lying in a lousy foxhole!" He was quiet for a moment.

"I guess I ought to tell you why I volunteered... We've been engaged ever since the

war started ..."

"Since Sundaynight, December 7, 1941," she murmured.
"That was when you made up your mind to volunteer. I remember."

"Yes. And that's a long time. You've heen swell, Jean. For years now, we've heen planning to get married. And when I finally do get back—well, you must think I'm a heel for volunteering for a special assignment—"

"I don't!" she broke in.

HE chucked her under the chin playfully. "I know, kid," he said. "But you've got a right to know why I did it. You see," he paused searching for words to express himself. "You see—I wasn't the only one who volunteered. A lot of others did, too."

"Why did you have to then? Wereu't there enough others?"

"I don't know if they had enough without me. I don't care. I wanted to do this thing. I don't know why the others volunteered. But I can tell you why I did."

"Is it something that happened when you were fighting?" she asked timidly. "You've never told me what the fighting was like. Not

really!"

"Yes, because of something that happened out there," he eaid quietly. He closed his eyes tiredly and leaned back. "It was in the jungles on New Gninea. Our company was thrown back by a wild charge of Japanese and I was wounded."

"You never mentioned that in your letters!" she exclaimed.

"There wasn't any point in mentioning it to you," he said. "I fell just at the edge of the jungle, ahout a hundred yards from where our company finally dug in. The Japanese were all around us and the only reason our company was able to hold at that place was that reinforcements arrived. It was a Negro construction outfit. At the last minute they gave them guns and sent them in to help our company. I could see hoth lines from where I was. I couldn't move ... hit in both legs. The Japanese spotted me when I waved to our boys for helpand as soon as they saw me, they started using me for target practice."

SHE stared at him, her eyes filling with tears. "Why-why didn't you tell me?"

"Didn't want you to worry," he said. His face was grim as he continued. "Anyway, I lay there with bullets bouncing all around me. It must have been for mayhe an hour or even less, but it felt like days and weeks. Then one of our boys crawled out of his foxhole and started crawling toward me..." he paused again, trying to find words that would make her feel the way he fest, see that seene in

her mind as elearly as he saw

it in his.

"Well, he finally reached me ... a tall, nice-looking Negro kid. He picked me up in his arms and sprinted to our lines. Luck was with us all the way—luck and the fact that the Japanese were pretty bad shots. He got me out and to a first aid station."

"I-I could kiss him for

that," she said.

He shook his head. "He's dead now, Jean. He' was brought to the hospital just about when I was able to walk around again with the help of a cane."

"The Japanese got him?"

Jean asked.

"No, jungle fever...some kind of disease our doctors had never heard about until they got to those jungles."

HE paused. "I saw that Negro kid die..."

Jean said nothing. They sat quietly for a long time. Finally he glanced at his wristwatch. "I think I better get started."

Slic said very quietly. "Yes".

"That's my particular reason for volunteering to fight this jungle fever," he said as they walked out of the park.

"Is that your assignment? Working in the hospital?"

He looked at her quickly, a little afraid he had said more than he intended.

"Yes, that's my assignment."
"Working on hospital cases?
Then—then—" Jean looked up at him, her face showing her relief. "Then it isn't dangerous! You'll just be helping around the hospital!"

"Yes, something like that," he said. But there was no smile

on his face.

"You'll write me . . . often?" she said as he looked around for a passing cab.

"As often as I can, sweet-

lieart!"

A large touring car drew up. "Can I give you a lift, soldier?" a stout, prosperous-looking man asked.

He kissed her quickly and

stepped inside.

"To the railroad station," he said. Then he poked his head through the window. "Good-bye, Jean!"

HE watched her through the back window as she stood at the curb, waving her hand to him. When the ear turned the corner, he leaned forward and asked the man to take him to Army General Hospital.

"Make up your mind, soldier," the driver said. "Which is it? The railroad station

or-"

"The Army General Hospital, mister," he interrupted.
"Don't want her to know?"

the driver asked.

"That's right."
"Anything wrong with
you?"

"No, just a special assign-

ment," he replied.

"Yeh, I know them things," the man said. "I been in the army myself last time. Got stuck on them special assignments... working as a flunkey ... Yeh, I know what it is like."

"I volunteered for this, mister. And besides, what's wrong with working in the hospital helping the guys who got there because they were fighting for you?"

"I don't mind that," the stout man replied. "But I don't like serving Jews or

Negroes or-"

"They were good enough to fight for you, weren't they? And maybe lose an arm or a leg doing it, but you think you're too good to help them when they need help! Phooey! Let me out of here! Pull up at the curh!"

"Lissen, soldier, some of my

hest friends are-"

"Shut up! Shut up before I knock your teeth down your throat!"

lle walked away from the car angrily. "Was that skunk one of the people I fought for?" he asked himself as he hurried to the Hospital. Then he remembered the Negro kid

who carried him through a storm of bullets and he felt better. "No, that fat guy doesn't represent our country."

AT the hospital, he was directed to a room in the rear where a number of other soldiers were sitting around, waiting. Soon the door opened and a Colonel came in. He walked to the front of the room as the men stood at attention. Finally he cleared his throat.

"At ease, men." He looked them over slowly. "You men have volunteered for a job that's more dangerous than anything you faced in battle."

He paused watching each face before him closely. "You have offered your bodies and your lives to a series of experiments that the army is conducting in order to find ways of helping those in the service who've contracted jungle diseases. You know what some of these diseases do to men . . . It isn't pleasant."

He paused again. "If anyone wants to change his mind, he can still do it. No one will blame you if you just walk out of this room right now

..." he waited.

The room was still. No one made a move to leave.

"Very well," he said, taking out a sheet of paper. "As I eall your name out, go into the, next room."

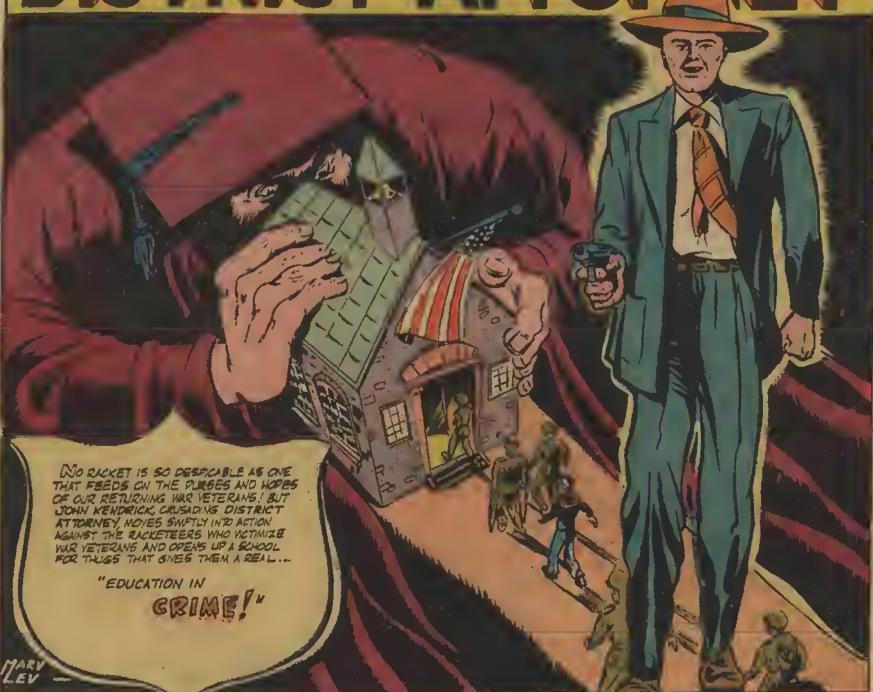
He thought of Jean as he listened to the name's being called out. Jean. and the last assignment... and getting married when the thing was over. Somewhere, far away, the Colonel's voice droned on and on.

"Corporal James Buckley ... Sergeaut Vincent Togliatori ... Private Marshall Grant "Corporal David Finestein . . . Corporal—"

Wait a miunte! That was his name. He was being called for his last job in the U. S. Army! He walked into the next room.

The End

DISTRICT ATTORNEY











































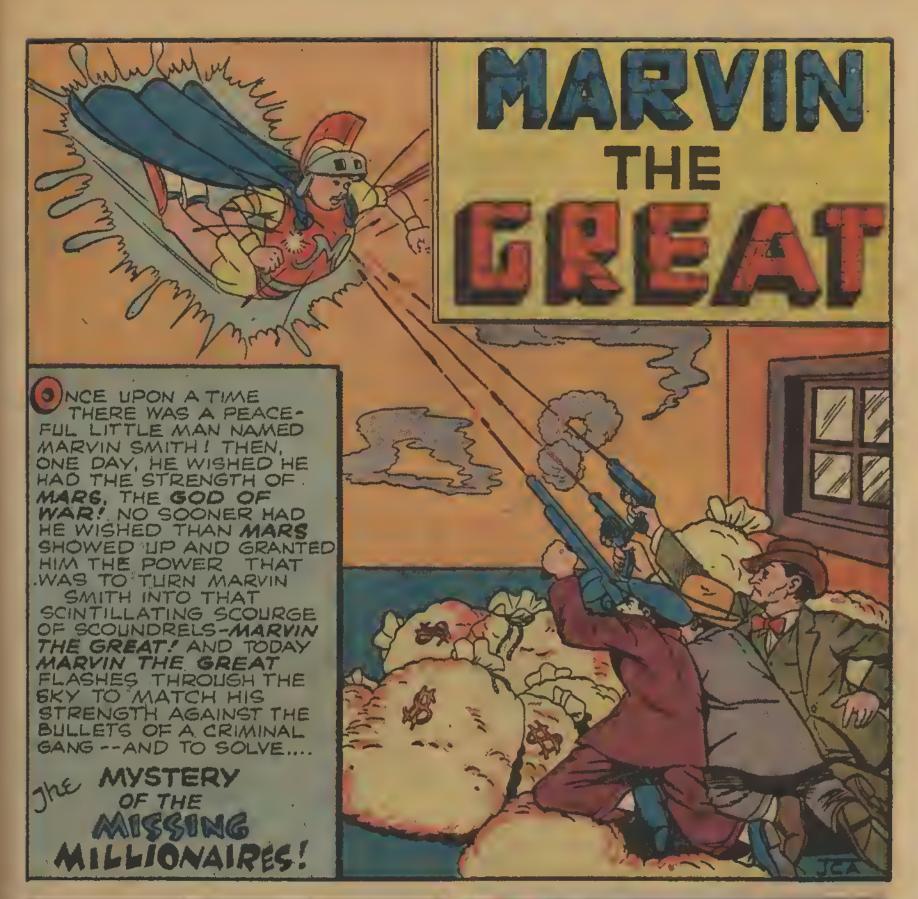


















THE MAGIC NAME OF THE **GOD OF WAR** INVOKES FLAME AND SMOKE ----



...TRANSFORMING -ORDINARY MARVIN
SMITH INTO EXTRAORINARY MARVIN THE
GREAT...



...THAT CATAPULTING CRUSADING CRIME CRUSHER

GOODNESS ME! MY MIRACULOUS TRANSFORMATION NEVER FAILS TO THRILL ME! I WONDER WHAT NEW ADVENTURE AWAITS ME TODAY!





WHAT AN AMAZING CRIME! AND NO RANSOME DEMANDED! I MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!

BUT WHERE WILL I START?....I
HAVE IT! MR. GOLDBUCKS, THE
MAN I WORK FOR, IS A MILLION
AIRE AND THEY MAY WELL TRY
TO KIDNAP HIM! I'LL WATCH HIS
HOUSE!





























